



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September

15c

in Canada



Miriam
Hopkins

Charles Sheldor

READ THE LATEST

ABOUT BING CROSBY'S New Co-Star, MIRIAM HOPKINS
How The Hollywood Stars Make The American Girl!
SECRETS OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SUCCESS!

Contrast her life with yours



HER life is outdoors... the wind... the sun... the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined... the home... the school room... the factory... the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours... well, you really don't know... you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty at all if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)



Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!



When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!



Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.



Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.



He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.



It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums."

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only

dull your teeth—but endanger sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the zira-tol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE
IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS
—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

SEP 26 1935

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

"Peculiar Penguins," Walt Disney's latest creation in his "Silly Symphonies" series.

SPEAKING OF CLEAN PICTURES

What could be cleaner? And gayer? And funnier? Even Mickey Mouse, even *The Three Little Pigs* and *Donald the Duck* and *The Wise Little Hen* must bow before Mr. Disney's new animated cartoon characters, "Peculiar Penguins." Scene: the clean snows and icebergs of the Antarctic. Characters: the most lovable birds in existence, the penguins; assorted whales, walrus, fish, and things. Action: the home-life of the appealing black-and-white bird families, with almost-human emotions and humor. Walt Disney is a Public Benefactor, anyway! His is the most creative mind in Hollywood. His priceless cartoon characters have won the applause of the world. Any art—or industry, if you will!—that can boast a Walt Disney need not hang its head in shame. The Disney pictures are Hollywood's best advertisement.

September, 1934

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CLAUDETTE COLBERT

*in
Fannie
Hurst's*

Imitation of Life

Directed by

JOHN M. STAHL

THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Radio Parade

Taking you back of the microphones to meet some outstanding personalities of the air

By
Tom Kennedy

THE moon came over a mountain of clouds that had hovered over Manhattan all day long, almost precisely at the moment when an Iron Horse, bearing passengers from Montreal and points north and west, roared into the Grand Central Terminal and Kate Smith's "Hel-lo!" rang out above the clatter that attends the arrival of a crack flyer.

Thus New Yorkers who from sun-up had been scurrying about under the inadequate protection of umbrellas, oilskins, or what have you when the rain is pouring down in sheets, heaved a sigh of relief almost in concert with the hearty, "Gee, I'm glad to be back!" that was Kate's first expression as she emerged from a Pullman.

Yes, the Kate had come back—back to the scene of her greatest triumphs, the radio halls which the networks maintain as their headquarters in New York.

"Hel-lo!" cried the Songbird of the South as she addressed individual greeting to the group which had been "passed along" to see Kate as she debarked from the Montrealer.

And here your correspondent would like to say that until you have been told "hel-lo" by Kate Smith, with the handshake and smile that accompanies it, well, the burden of proof that you have ever *really* been "Hel-loed" is on you. When Kate greets you—why, you can hear it, see it and feel it right through you.

When the popping of the cameramen's flashlights



Fans demanded her return! Read what Kate Smith, above, says about her vacation from radio, and her future plans.



A close-up of Countess Olga Albani, right, reveals some facts you never knew till now about radio's lovely titled singer.

ceased—and those boys can sure burn up the powder when a celebrity gets near their lenses—the greetings and luggage gotten out of the way, Kate settled down to tell SCREENLAND's readers all about it.

Kate listened to all the questions and then gave the answers.

"I've had the swellest week of vacation at Banff I ever dreamed could be had. Boy, what a wonderful place to have a vacation! I'm back, must go immediately to visit my folks in Virginia, and then get going again in radio. I may start again in two weeks, though I rather hope I'll have a little more time before returning to the microphone."

That would make the first of her regular broadcasts since quitting the air nine months ago take place about the middle of July, though between the time this is written and publication date, things may be changed and the "come-back" set for a later date. (Continued on page 94)

*So much
of their*

Loveliness

*depends
on the
tooth paste
they use*



"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks BETTY DOUGLAS. Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.



GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).



BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).



*The country over,
more than 2 million
women have changed
to Listerine Tooth Paste
. . . it cleans so much
better . . . gives teeth
such high lustre.*

Why not try a tube?

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics . . . for whom no beauty aid is

too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so

much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Shirley Temple from Delight Evans

DEAR Shirley:

This will be just one more fan letter to you. I hear you're getting more mail than Jackie Cooper. And I know you're much too busy to answer. But that's all right. Just have your secretary mail me an autographed picture for my office and we'll call it square.

Let me see, how many pictures have you made now? They've kept you busy, haven't they? Well, I'm not going to take up your time by asking any silly questions such as, "What do you think of when you make your crying scenes?" or "Who's your favorite leading man?" I know the answer to the first question: you're a natural-born actress with an inspired technique. No glycerine for you. Real tears and lots of them. To order, any time. As for the second question, I can answer that, too. Jimmy Dunn was your favorite leading man after you played with him in "Stand Up and Cheer" and "Baby Take A Bow." But now Gary Cooper is playing opposite you, and I hear you've switched your affections. Don't blame you. Gary's a nice boy, too.

But there is one matter I'd like to discuss with you. It's this. Don't ever listen to your publicity. Or maybe you've already heard some of it? I'm afraid so. How could you help it? I know your mother and father are wise and fine folks, and they'll do their best not to let you listen. But perhaps at the beach one day you caught a whisper, "There goes the Miracle Star!" Well, just pay no attention, Shirley. You wouldn't want your playmates next door to bring that up, would you? Of course not. You'd feel terribly embarrassed. They know you now as Mr. and Mrs.

Temple's good little kid. If they heard you were that "Miracle Star" being billed all over the place, they might stop playing with you.

So if any eminent producer or director or grown-up star greets you, "And how is the Miracle Star today?" you answer as you did in "Little Miss Marker": "Aw, nuts!" But don't tell your mother I told you to.



Three good troupers on their way to work: Shirley Temple, center, with Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper.

Wide
World

Read
the
Latest!

About BING'S

By S. R. Mook



Bing and Miriam play together for the first time in "She Loves Me Not." Were there fireworks? Just what went on? Read this feature for the "inside" story!

WHEN Bing Crosby, who is probably Will Hays' most modest young 'un about his own acting talent, heard he was going to be cast as a co-star with Miriam Hopkins in "She Loves Me Not," something tells me he had a sinking feeling somewhere in the region of his stomach. Bing didn't tell me, y'understand, but something did. I know the boy. I can tell when he's got something on his mind besides his next golf game.

Like everyone else in Hollywood, Bing has probably heard things about little Southern Miriam to the effect that the lady is a minor firecracker on the set—that she knows more about acting technique than a correspondence school teacher and that she has small patience with either actors or directors who don't know as much as she does.

With Bing, it's this way: he claims to know exactly nothing about technique. With Miriam's reputation for knowing so much about it and with so little reputed patience for them as don't, you can begin to understand how he must have felt.

Before it went into production, "She Loves Me Not" was probably Crosby's least favorite picture. Before it

was completed, I have none other than the Hopkins personal word for it that she "liked working with Bing more than almost any other leading man she had ever faced a camera with." Not to mention Bing's own affidavit that things went "swell."

All of which led me to wonder, "What is all this business about Miriam, the lady-terror, who is so fearsome before you know her and who goes around scaring the wits out of actors and directors who have never met her?"

After an hour or two of conversation with her I think I know the answer. It isn't her appearance, you can bank on that. She's the most kittenishly feminine piece of Mason-Dixon fluff you've ever put your eyes on. Someone once described her as "the sparkle of champagne"—and that's all right, too. She's small and blonde and helpless looking, so it can't be her appearance—as I remarked before. It's the Hopkins mind, hidden under those blonde curls and disguised under the honeyed accent of her Southern tongue! It's the unexpected logic and reasoning and clear-cut thinking she does that is guaranteed to throw fits into some of Hollywood's

New Co-star, Miriam Hopkins



What happens when Crooner
meets Siren? You'll be amused
and amazed!



A SCREEN AND SCOOP!

muddled brains that just can't keep step with Miriam's.

Elliott Nugent, who directed "She Loves Me Not," told me: "I've worked with many actresses in Hollywood but never one who so thoroughly knew what she was supposed to do, and just how it should be done, as Miriam. She's the director's delight. Before she goes into a scene she has thought the whole thing out. She knows exactly what she's going to do and how she's going to do it. Sometimes I had to say, 'I like your idea but I don't believe we can do it *exactly* that way. We'll have to do it this way.' And probably we'd have to change the whole set-up—lights, camera, everything. But it would be worth it."

"But didn't that throw you behind in your shooting schedule?" I protested.

"No," said Elliott promptly. "Ordinarily it would but the time we lost that way we more than made up in rehearsals. We seldom needed more than one rehearsal with her. Sometimes not that much. Most actors are perfectly willing to do whatever you tell them but they don't think for themselves. They'll say, 'Where do I stand? Is there any *business* (Continued on page 87)

And how do you like La Hopkins' boyish haircut? But of course it's just for the picture, which gives Miriam a chance to indulge her decided flair for bright, light comedy — and gives Bing an inspiration to croon his sweetest!

HOW *the* HOLLYWOOD STARS



Jean Harlow's Platinum Hair!

WHAT determines the style stunts, hair tricks, make-up notions and general deportment of millions of American girls?

Is it the feeble piping of a few self-appointed "fashion authorities" in Paris? Is it the appearance of Mrs. de Pooster as she tows her ugly little mutt down Park Avenue, New York?

In my last-year's panama hat!

For every American girl who pays heed to the silly pronouncements of Paris on the latest word in frocks, ten thousand keep an eye peeled for Miss Connie Bennett's latest talkie. And for every native lass who lays a lack-lustre eye to pictures of Mrs. de Pooster's new Parisian duds, a million rush to the movies to see how Joan Crawford is combing her hair this month.

Never in this dizzy world's history have so many maidens been influenced *en masse* as have American girls by their dream-darlings of the screen.

Take an outstanding historical case—that of Miss Mary Pickford's curls.

America's Perennial Sweetheart hung on to those famous golden ringlets, for professional purposes, until she was well past thirty. They were as much a part of "Our Mary" as her pretty little legs.

Suddenly growing up, she decided to lop them off, and the first snip of those fatal shears was heard round the world!

Hair-bobbing had been

At last! The *real* revelation of the far-reaching influence of screen actresses!

Joan Crawford's Silhouette!



MAKE *the* AMERICAN GIRL!

By
Leonard Hall

Mae West's Curves!



Greta Garbo's Eyelashes!

going on for years, but thousands of die hard old Tories still made nasty cracks about short-haired women. But at the first click of the scissors going over the golden Pickford pate, every grandma in America picked up her skirts and galloped off to the barber.

The queen could do no wrong, with the result that a long haired woman is now almost as rare, in America, as the three-toed awk.

Here's a much fresher case—that concerning mannish clothes.

Until a few years ago these were sneered at as ugly and school-marmish by our younger set. Then a tall Swede named Garbo appeared in a movie version of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." She wore a rusty tweed suit, a shapeless old raincoat that Brother had thrown away and a funny felt hat hiding one whole eye.

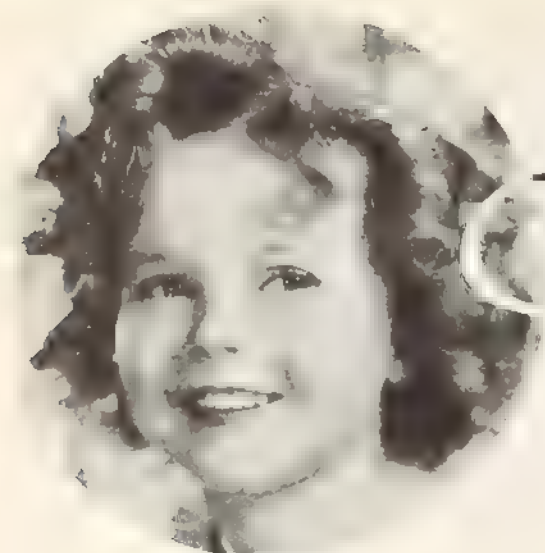
Once more the queen could do nothing but right. Within six weeks half our girls looked like a mob of Yale sophomores after a heavy shower.

This rage continues. The flair of both Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn have kept our schoolgirls on the boyish side.

Dietrich, of course, went too far. She tried to put our young ladies in pants. This foul attempt on our womanhood, thank God, failed utterly!

Hepburn, the Hart
(Cont. on page 84)





Secrets of

Or how to be a Bernhardt at the old age of five years! Screen stars, maybe Shirley's daily routine is the answer—are you game to try it?



This is the life! Cheery and bright, ready for breakfast and a new day at the studio.



Below, Time for school work. Shirley with her private tutor in a quiet corner of the studio.



At the studio before nine, Shirley looks over the chart of her day on the set. Left.

Time to get up my dollies, Shirley commands after she tumbles out of bed at seven.



Recreation time! A bit of horseplay with her favorite leading man James Dunn, at right.



Shirley Temple's SUCCESS!

Shirley Temple



The world may call it "success" but I call it "fun," says Shirley.

Hoops, my dears, are the things that make you healthy and happy, as Shirley shows you at the left!



To the bank! Pay day and Shirley deposits her check at her father's bank.

Play time. Upper center, with her father at the beach.



International



With Shirley it's Dinner at Six, and above you see how she enjoys it at that hour.



Where the sandman calls early. At the left you see Shirley and her teddy bear fast asleep, and here it's only a little after nine P. M. Well, it's been a full day, work well done and play enjoyed—the prescription for a sleep that never even heard of insomnia.





Expense No Object!

Read about Madeleine Carroll, "Million Dollar" Star!

SINCE Madeleine Carroll has gone back to her native England, Hollywood has waked up. *This astonishing woman is today's pet town topic!*

Currently, as star of "The World Moves On," the most important Fox production of 1934, she is rating raves. Her acting ability and refined charm distinguish her as a big bet.

But all the time she was working on the picture the film colony hardly noticed her. She had arrived so unostentatiously and she conducted herself so modestly that few guessed her salary was larger than any star on the Fox lot.

Only when the last scene was shot and she decided to stay on for a couple of weeks to really see California did

By Dickson Morley

her social standing in London spread and she was entertained madly during her last fortnight. And then she departed—but how the memory of her is lingering on! Just who is she? How did she jump so suddenly into prominence? What are her plans, and how come she's paid such a tremendous salary?

I might as well come to this matter of her salary immediately, for the minute you hear what it is you'll realize that she is very definitely a Somebody. Madeleine Carroll's recompense for appearing in three pictures annually is \$400,000! (This news will burn many a local star and chagrin those who didn't think her worth cultivating!)

Hollywood began to get excited about Madeleine Carroll. Rumors of her splendid trouping and of

(Continued on page 72)

A SCREENLAND SCOOP

A star tells
the
truth

Sylvia Breaks All The Rules!

By
*Laura
Benham*



FOUND at last. A motion picture and stage star who admits she prefers the screen to the theatre! Thus does Sylvia Sidney shatter another precedent.

Since the ascendancy in the film firmament of luminaries recruited from Broadway and "the road," the tendency to accept with condescending grace the fair fruits of cinema fame and fortune while maintaining staunchly the superiority of the theatre has grown from a few random remarks into a Hollywood tradition.

Today, almost every player of note upon the silver screen confesses a burning urge to return to the footlights. Several have done so for a brief moment or longer, with varying results as far as both their incomes and professional futures are concerned.

There are those who believe that Katharine Hepburn did her career irreparable damage by her short lived and sensationally disappointing appearance in "The Lake" in New York. Certainly, Miriam Hopkins added nothing to her histrionic stature by starring in "Jezebel" on Broadway. Even in the cases of Helen Hayes, who

rose to new heights of drama and prestige in "Mary of Scotland," and Walter Huston, who won both critical and box-office acclaim in "Dodsworth," it is doubtful if their accomplishments before the comparatively small metropolitan audiences will add materially to their future film advancement.

Leslie Howard sacrificed a lucrative motion picture contract to appear on the stage in London for Gilbert Miller, who gave him his first chance; and Herbert Marshall, the current cinema "rave," expects to do likewise in the autumn. All for the sake of "Art"!

These are but a few of the actors and actresses who elected to turn their backs, temporarily at least, upon motion pictures and cast their lots with the theatre. Others who have not yet suited their actions to their words insist that at the first opportunity they hope to return to the scene of their earlier triumphs—(never failures such things are dangerous to remember in Hollywood!)

This altruistic devotion to "Art" and "Idealism" has become the unwritten law by (Continued on page 82)

Red-head Rogers, Rebel!

By
*James
Marion*



Ginger Fights For Her Rights!

THERE has always been a red-head in motion pictures! Furthermore, these red-heads have always lived up to their colorful tresses. Clara Bow—but you *must* remember Clara! Nancy Carroll's fiery outbursts frequently caused studio heads to bolt their doors and cross themselves fervently.

Comes now Ginger Rogers, the film industry's Declaration of Independence, 1934 model. Her hair is the brightest red of all. Her spirit seems least conquerable. She has ideas all her own; she doesn't change them; she says what she means, she means what she says, and heaven help the person who thinks she is kidding!

First evidence of the Rogers intractability occurred shortly after her initial outstanding success on the screen. "Gold Diggers of 1933" had just witnessed its premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Ginger attended the opening in the *nth* heaven of excitement. Why shouldn't she have been excited? She had seen studio rushes of her song sequences. She knew they were good; that she herself was good.

But lo, when the picture reached the screen and unrolled itself before the eyes of Miss Rogers and the others of that packed-theatre audience, those excellent song-and dance numbers had gone the way of much flash—they had been left behind on the cutting room floor.

Now Ginger knew the reason those scenes had been deleted. A few days before the premiere, the studio had invited her to sign a long-term contract. She had refused. Consequently, some of her scenes had been removed from the picture. In a sense, the studio could not be blamed; its officials had no wish to promote a girl who refused to become one of the company's stock stars. On the contrary, perhaps the studio cut its own nose to spite its face, which is one way of saying that had those sequences been left in, the picture might have been even better.

Pretty soon, the executives who deleted the scenes began to think things over. After all, those dance-and-song sequences had cost the (Continued on page 80)



William A. Praker

Welcome, Jean Arthur!

YOU had to return to Broadway to make
Hollywood appreciate you! But now
you're back for good



Elmer Fryer

Ruby's Got Rhythm!

THAT'S why Miss Keeler is the little queen of movie musicals. Read the very latest about her on the opposite page.

Dix Dares to Desert

Continued from page 25

actor who has failed to pocket the money, however filthy."

"I'm not a wealthy man," Rich continued. "The stock market hit me hard, as it hit many others. I've got enough to live in moderate comfort for the rest of my days. Yet when I come back, I'll work in pictures again. You see, I'm so darn fond of this game I'll probably die in grease-paint—at least, that's the way I want to die."

"But meanwhile I'm going to have a vacation. I'll be gone six months to a year, maybe longer. There's always the possibility, of course, that I may get homesick and cut it shorter. Now wouldn't that be hell, after all my plans?"

"I've been promising myself this jaunt for a long, long time and if I don't go now, I never will. We all have that bad habit of postponing pleasures until, first thing we know, we have forgotten how to enjoy them. That's real tragedy and it's not going to happen to me. I'm footloose and fancy free and I'll take my fun where I find it as long as I can."

"Remember the hero in 'Holiday' who wanted to play while he was young and work when he was older? That's the right idea if you can afford it. Play while you still have the capacity for enjoyment."

"There are vintages I've never tasted, food I've never eaten, places I've never seen. It is obviously impossible to drink, eat, and see everything in the world, but I'm going to shove up my batting average as far as possible."

"So many travelers lose the real pleasure of traveling by taking their accustomed habits with them. They seem to believe that the expression, 'when in Rome, do as the Romans do,' applies only to Rome. They regard the cuisine of a leading European hotel as inferior just because there are no Boston baked beans, California artichokes, or Milwaukee beer on the menu."

"Great guns, that's not the way to travel! When you are in any foreign country, taste of every thing the land provides. You may find several items distasteful before you hit something you really like. But try them all. Incidentally, eating and drinking as do the natives is the very best way to safeguard your health. The English thrive on mutton chops, heavy puddings, and rich sauces. The same diet would kill a South Sea Islander. Edible foods grow the places the good Lord intended them to be eaten."

"I plan to taste everything I see that I



Acme

Dix marries secretary! Pretty Virginia Webster, employed for the past six months by the star, became Mrs. Richard Dix at a surprise wedding in Jersey City, N. J. on June 29th.

have never tasted before. The experience may put me upon a doctor's diet for the balance of my days. But I will eat, drink, and be merry while I can!"

"There is a little town in the South of France for which I am heading first of all. No, I'm not telling the name of it until I return. I haven't any too much resistance when it comes to a fat part in a big picture and I don't intend to have my holiday disturbed."

"I am going to this town because several friends have described its charms to me. The hotel is small and comfortable without being ostentatious. The *piece de resistance* on the bill of fare is snails, quite the most gorgeous snails in all of France. The cellars are magnificent, one of the few great cellars that escaped looting in the War. Every bottle comes to you with the cobwebs still upon it. There is ocean bathing in the Mediterranean and all the sunshine you can sop up. Did you ever hear of a more desirable spot?"

"How long I will stay in one place will be dictated entirely by how much fun I am having. The moment boredom threatens, I'll find a new town. I won't be rushed and I won't be hurried about by a guide,

bent upon showing me more than can be intelligently crammed into a single day's sightseeing."

"What sightseeing I do will be done without a professional guide. Those fellows show you only the surface of things. I'm interested in essentials. Sightseeing like eating and drinking, must be approached in foreign countries with an uninhibited mind. You can't look at the Taj Mahal in India and liken its dome to the Capitol in Washington. You can't dismiss the Leaning Tower of Pisa because it doesn't lean as far as you thought it would. You can't compare the height of London buildings with New York skyscrapers. Yet many tourists commit these grievous errors of good taste, just as they complain because they can't get beefsteak in a town noted for its sea food."

Rich paused. "I hope I'm giving you a story. I know what I'm saying isn't very definite, but my trip isn't very definite, either. I can't hand you a time-table or a tourist guide with all the places neatly underscored and the dates of arrival and departure charted to a split second. That isn't the kind of a trip I'm taking. It's a drinking tour around the world and I intend it to be just that. If I change my mind and go one place instead of another, I don't want to have to offer explanations even to myself. Whatever I do, wherever I go, it will be for no other reason than it seemed like a good idea at the time."

"Are you going alone, Rich?"

"Of course not. Any trips I take from now on will be in company with my wife. Mrs. Dix has tastes which coincide with my own with respect to the desire to travel and see things."

"Don't expect to see us until you do! Doubtless this will be my last as well as my first real vacation, so I'm going to have all the fun I can. I'll be back when I get homesick. Try not to forget me altogether."

A veteran of nineteen years and sixty-seven pictures, Richard Dix deserves his vacation. As far as forgetting him is concerned, he would better have said not to envy him. Rich is too firmly established in the hearts of his fans ever to be forgotten, but his plans for a vacation are to be envied. In fact, it is just about the swellest vacation of which I have ever heard. It makes my mouth water.

Bon voyage, Rich. "Take keer of yourself!"

Expense No Object

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Her talkie wage wasn't set by any crazy Hollywood producer, either. She is under contract to a British company and the conservative English pay only for value received. Fox got her for this one film by effecting an arrangement whereby she was borrowed in exchange for Warner Baxter.

But this isn't all, as regards the income of this British star. Actually, London studio executives had to do quite a bit of chasing to persuade her to sign on their old dotted line. Indeed, where Madeleine Carroll is concerned, expense is no object!

They had to guarantee that her pictures would be so scheduled that she'd be free to do at least one play a season on the London stage. Moreover, they had to promise she'd have time to continue her brilliant private life as a Mayfair socialite.

Wouldn't you suppose it from her obvi-

ous gentility? Aside from being Box-Office, this lovely English Carroll has something which comes to amazingly few actresses, abroad or in this country. I refer to her social prestige. As the wife of a handsome Blue Blood, she moves with the Strictly Select in London circles.

By now I'm sure you're muttering something about certain women having all the luck, darn 'em!

I've met this bewildering Madeleine Carroll; I've done considerable checking up; and I honestly believe her extraordinary success is deserved. She merits her fame and her happiness. Bear with me and I'll explain why I say this.

The first reaction that whipped through my brain when I was introduced to her, in her bungalow at Fox, was that she is pretty. Truly so. Heretofore the imports

from Europe have been shy on sheer beauty. Madeleine Carroll isn't. A blue-eyed, patrician golden blonde, she can compete with any movie actress on looks. (And I wouldn't try to kid you; physical attractiveness is an advantage in pictures, always!)

Next I was impressed by her refinement. She is poised, gracious, thoroughly feminine. But, most of all, she has class, and it's not the kind that's spelled with a capital K. Which is the sort generally displayed in Hollywood.

She is glamorous without being gaudy, no mean achievement. Using little make-up, dressing smartly rather than startlingly, she speaks in a tone that is cultured and clear—and not half so broad-A as some of our pseudo-ladies.

I asked her about her family and what she'd done before going into pictures, and

when I came away I felt that I'd found the actress for whom I'd been searching. When I was in college we were taught much about "cause" and "effect," and assured that he who adopted the scientific, intelligent attitude was destined to conquer. Yet how many college girls have made good on the screen?

I'd very nearly concluded that a girl had to emerge from a theatrical atmosphere, or had to rise to riches from rags. Fatal beauty or persistence, sharpened by poverty, apparently was infinitely more help than a methodically trained mind.

And then I encountered this astute Madeleine Carroll. Her tale will encourage every well-bred, middle-class miss, for she is the daughter of a professor at the University of Birmingham, England, and she received her B.A. degree there before she ever attempted to become an actress. She majored in French.

"I can't boast of my high marks in French, though," she said to me, "because my mother was a native of France and I learned the language as a child! But it was participating in a college play that did inspire me to act." A group of noted London critics had journeyed to Birmingham to review a new play and, while there, chanced to take in the university show. They unanimously praised Madeleine, its heroine.

"When I graduated I told my parents what I wished to do, and my father was horrified. With traditional gusto he forbade me to set my foot on any professional stage. He is a native of Ireland, and I must have inherited some of his determination. I vowed I had the necessary qualifications for acting!"

There was a Big Scene. Madeleine, secretly supported by her mother, stalked out of the family abode. Having no money with which to storm London, she took a job as French coach in a girls' school at Brighton. In three months she'd accumulated \$100 and with it she went to the metropolis and made the rounds of the theatrical offices.

Because she'd had a good start in life, she wasn't sidetracked by any of the foolish theories which are thrown at novices. College had drilled in the notion that all results come from specific actions. She knew she was pretty and capable. Before her funds were exhausted she'd landed a bit with a touring company. A year later, having progressed to secondary rôles, she applied for a picture part and was awarded the lead in a film with Brian Aherne.

That occurred back in 1927, when she was twenty-one. Since then she has alternated screen and stage, appearing on the London stage opposite Charles Laughton and other major performers.

A purposeful, intent woman, Madeleine Carroll was wise enough to tie up with a bright agent. Faithful concentration, abetted by his knowledge of jockeying her salary as she increased in popularity, is what zoomed her income. Producers know that her charm is unquestionable box-office, so they are willing to pay plenty. They are sure, too, that temperament, scandal, and folly are foreign to her nature, and this pleases them.

My own analysis is that she stood out from the average because of her discriminating mind. She never deviated from the ideal she set for herself: an admirable career, a happy marriage, worth-while friends. A star who can stick to these desires is such a rarity that triumph is inevitable.

"My husband came over with me, but he's a business man, a real estate broker, so he had to return to London," she smilingly informed me. Captain Philip Astley, her husband, is a member of one of England's finest old families and wealthy in his own right. He prefers to manage his af-

fairs himself, and devotes his time to them.

Until she was introduced to him, three-and-a-half years ago at a ball given by the Marquis of Milford Haven, she gave no thought to love. She was all for getting ahead as she'd planned. When she wasn't asked out by people she considered worth knowing, she stayed at home.

The details of her romance are as fascinating as any Hollywood star's love, which just adds to my argument that the intelligent can be rewarded!

Who do you suppose called for her and escorted her to that fateful ball? The Prince of Wales, no less! So you can see that even before her marriage Madeleine Carroll was traveling in first-class society!

Captain Astley, she recalls humorously, made no impression that night. He tried sitting in the front row of the theatre

"Our friends are non-theatrical. London is so large a city, too, that the theatrical people do not flock to particular restaurants or haunts as they do in Hollywood. The English do not expect their stars to be continually on display. Which makes it nice for Philip and me!"

The Astleys have a beautiful home in Mayfair, a town mansion whose walls are panelled and which is furnished in Queen Anne style. The old family estate, a vast place which has belonged to the Astleys for generations, is in Warwickshire. Not long ago Madeleine and her husband bought another country home just forty miles from London, for week-ends. And, of course, there is the picturesque Italian estate.

Mistress of all these elegant houses, an associate of England's foremost social figures, owner of priceless jewels and count-



Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone in a scene which brings together the English actress who has captivated America and one of our most popular and gifted players of romantic heroes.

where she was acting. This went on every evening for two weeks, and he sent flowers regularly. He told London society that he was wild about her. Finally, the same marquis gave another ball, this one in Madeleine's honor. The ardent captain insisted upon taking her home. A five months' courtship ensued after he'd said good night at her doorstep.

"We had fun eluding the press when we married! I said I was getting my wedding gown and veil for a picture!" Separately they went to Italy where, at the Astley villa, they were united in a colorful ceremony. The retainers on the estate, which is near Rome, threw rose petals in their path and feasted merrily on the wedding eve in good old feudal fashion.

She completely drops her professional side when she has finished work for the day in London. Captain Astley is essentially a sportsman and he loves to entertain. Madeleine is the perfect hostess.

less Paris creations, Madeleine Carroll came to Hollywood in what might be termed practically incognito fashion.

Accustomed to Rolls Royces, she used a Ford sedan here and had her secretary drive it instead of a liveried chauffeur. She reported at the studio at eight every morning during production. The only jewelry she displayed was her plain gold wedding ring and an emerald cross necklace. She wore informal, quiet clothes. What was most incredible was her profound humility.

"I want to make good in America. But I wish to register with the American public on the strength of my screen performances. I requested there be no advance publicity campaign. I don't expect anyone here to be impressed by my past acting achievements in England, or by my personal life in London."

When she told me this I almost pinched myself to be positive I was fully awake! Are you sensing more and more why

Madeline Carroll deserves what she has? Being the only of our Hollywood stars passing up the opportunity to pull a back-swing like hers?

Between you and me, a number of our own stars are feeling a little, observing how maddest Madeleine behaved during the filming of "The World Moves On," they concluded she was just another import. Her unobtrusive good taste made no sign, on the local new-york. But when they heard of it. "Well, you know how some folks are."

"I learned more about acting from this one Hollywood production than I could from a half dozen English pictures," she asserted to me when I called on her prior

to her departure. "I'm sorry I didn't come sooner. I was offered the lead in "Cavalcade," but I didn't think I was a good enough actress to essay such a role and suggested Diana Wynyard."

"Personally, it is my contention that screen success should evolve from a dignified portrayal of a character, and not from superficial, sensational attributes."

Abroad she has her own say on director, story, cameraman everything. In Hollywood her simplicity was marked. Nevertheless the crew on the picture tested her sportsmanship. On the second day of production they sent her a big bunch of daisies. When she had thanked them profusely, a prop boy cried, "You're mistaken. They

weren't for you. They're just props!" Without rising in wrath, as they suspected she might, she astounded them by apologizing seriously for her error and sending the bouquet over to the prop department.

It is interesting to note that Miss Carroll's first American film, "The World Moves On," was in production 49 days, the longest schedule for any dramatic film ever made at the Fox Studio—"Cavalcade" had 40 days' actual shooting time.

I might add that Madeleine Carroll is one of the only two actresses who have been presented to King George at Court. There can be no greater social honor in England and yet none of the Hollywoodites knew this. She failed to mention it!

Hollywood's Bad Boys Make a Movie

Continued from page 53

the troupe, and here is what they have.

The leading man is Mr. Claude Rains of the Broadway stage. This able mummer's only claim to film fame is the fact that he was "The Voice" in "The Invisible Man." Mr. Rains plays a criminal lawyer in "Crime Without Passion" in itself a screen novelty.

The leading lady is a flashing minx called, simply, Margot, whose public career, to date, has been that of a Spanish dancer. Mr. Hecht saw her dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and decided that such an excellent performer of the tandango would make a nice natural leading woman. We shall see.

Then there is Miss Whitney Bourne, a beautiful Manhattan society gal who had played stage bits but didn't know a camera from a whippet tank. There is Mr. Stanley Ridges of Broadway, who has never done a picture. Greta Granstedt, Hollywood bit player, is present—the boys probably letting her in because she had never done much acting anyhow.

To round out the troupe in a good amateur film manner, they hired the beautiful Miss Etelvonne Holt, a professional model whose chief claim to fame is the noted "Camel Girl" ad for which she posed a couple of years ago, in which she practically introduced the "pinch crunch" hat and wore a wedding ring on her right hand.

Now there's a good "natural" acting company! Not a star, or even starlet, in a studio-load. But whoa! Did I say no stars? The Pecks' Bad Boys are of course the stars of their own picture, though you won't see them, and more's the pity. They'd make Clark and McCullough look like a pair of hired pallbearers.

Once the gang was hired and the geniuses caged—Wheeler and Woolsey I mean Hecht and MacArthur got very professional.

History tells that shooting was to start at nine of a Monday morning.

Master Hecht mounted a table, time piece in hand. On the stroke of nine he raised a fist and shouted: "Let Hollywood beware! Roll 'em over, boys!"

A new and bawdy epoch in the movie industry had begun!

Then things REALLY began to go nuts! Everything in the picture is going to be Impressionistic, Surrealistic, and Egocentric so Mr. Garmes is shooting the whole film, practically, in corners. That is to say, Mr. Rains, standing in an angle made by two pieces of scenery, may either be in the Hollywood Bowl or in the Grand Central Station.

A drug store is not a regular movie drug-store, but merely a table filled with toy airplanes and nineteen cent novels.



The great leveler! Elissa Landi and Jean Roth, her "stand in," inspect the shoes with three-inch soles which make Jean as tall as the star.

The boys did throw a sop to the public by inserting a night club scene, (novelty), and a courtroom scene, (encore), but mostly it is being done in ratty old corners of the studio, out of the way of the charging geniuses. Never was a feature film shot in less space.

Hecht and MacArthur, being the bosses, are having the time of their lives, which in their case means much. Each of them has lived about 5,000 years in his forty, or so.

The little monkeys go in for signs, in a very big way. Such banners as "Let the public in on our secret" and "What will the audience be doing in the meantime?" brighten the walls.

One of the best Hecht MacArthur slogans is "Better than Metro is not good enough." This one has the Home Office of Paramount, over the river in Manhattan, as nervous as a witch, and the bosses sit around brooding and wondering how they can coax the madmen to take it down.

Another, this one hanging over a splendid collection of photographs of undressed ladies reads, "Why don't you keep your mind on your work? What are you thinking about now?" A gentle hint to their slaves.

On the set, Hecht and MacArthur are elaborately polite to each other. Mr. MacArthur calls Mr. Hecht "Mr. Lubitsch," while Mr. Hecht addresses Mr. MacArthur obsequiously as "Mr. Von Sternberg."

When they are fighting and screaming, each calls the other "Mr. Belasco" with sarcasm that would cut hot butter.

Off the set they transact the intricate business of Great Producers by playing backgammon, at a dollar a game, on the floor of one of their palatial private offices.

Many a potent visitor, calling on matters of world shaking import, has entered the sanctum to find Mr. Hecht viciously accusing his co-genius of gypping him out of a buck. Sometimes the visitor, having been revived, gets down on his knees and joins in the fun.

Such monumental movie madness has never been known!

Over the river the Big Bosses sit and quiver. What devilish forces have they let loose on the world? Shaking in their fifty dollar shoes, the Big Bosses have laid down one iron-clad rule for the loony-house, which is that absolutely no direct quotations from the crazy men are permitted the press.

Hecht and MacArthur, when interviewed, have the droll habit of putting their feet on the desk, tearing off their shirts, and alternately denouncing and spoofing the ways of Hollywood and the men of the movies especially their own bosses of the moment.

Believe me, Paramount's no fool, what ever the Bad Boys may say!

Does it seem, that with all this celestial goofiness going on, that no work is getting done on the Hecht-MacArthur masterpiece? Yes it does, but we are all wrong.

In the midst of all the clowning, the lads are making a talking picture. The day I was on the set they were only an hour behind schedule, and by the time the crank stopped turning they hoped to cut that to a mere half hour.

I say they are making a talking picture. I must temper that by saying that it remains to be seen. It will either be a novel and exciting thriller, or it will be the gosh-awfullest hunk of stilton cheese that ever sent a bedevilled audience howling into the highway.

There's nothing half-way about the Mad Merton's of the Movies. They're great—or they're terrible!

In the meantime Hecht and MacArthur are writing a case history of motion picture insanity that will be studied for years by the loony doctors of Hollywood.

I left the joint counting my fingers, and went at once to my own head specialist. After going me over, he said it wasn't serious or permanent—But that it might be a good idea to keep away from the Long Island studio while Hecht and MacArthur were going on.

Ginger Rogers Fights for Her Rights

Continued from page 29

studio about fifteen thousand dollars. A pity it waste that money. Then somebody had a bright thought. Why not use those scenes for a couple of shorts? A such thought, it was agreed. Then company attorneys pointed out that Miss Rogers had been employed for a picture titled "Gold Diggers of 1933." These scenes could not be used in another picture without Ginger's written permission.

So a representative of the company, all smiles and suavity, contacted the red-head. Would she consent to the use of the deleted sequences in other pictures? The Rogers grin tightened. She would not! Then would she grant this privilege, provided the company was willing to pay a cash consideration of, say, two thousand dollars? The Rogers grin disappeared. She would not!

The studio agent suggested three thousand. Ginger suggested where he might go—the place she named will be overpopulated if everybody goes there who is invited. Four thousand, offered the studio man. Rogers said no. Five thousand. Six thousand. Seven thousand. The agent at last reached ten thousand dollars, the final limit stipulated by his studio bosses. His campaign was as fruitless as a sycamore tree. Ginger showed no more interest in ten thousand dollars than she had exhibited in two thousand. The Rogers spirit has been aroused. When that happens, a million dollars can't change the woman.

Maybe you think she didn't need that money? At the time Ginger laughingly waved the ten thousand goodbye, she had no more job than a sparrow has peacock feathers.

A more recent evidence of her typically red-headed temperament occurred when a certain studio official telephoned Ginger and said, "Tonight we are staging a special radio broadcast to exploit our new musical that you're in. Will you please be at the broadcasting station at seven o'clock sharp?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't be there," Ginger answered. "I have a previous engagement."

"This is important to the picture," said the official. "Mr. X (studio chief executive) requests that you be on hand." Then the speaker added significantly, "I think it will be wise for you to be on hand, and not anger Mr. X."

Until the gentleman uttered that veiled threat, Miss Rogers had been scouring her mind for an excuse to break her other engagement, in order that she might attend the broadcast. The innuendo fired the Rogers spirit of independence. Gone immediately were all thoughts of cooperation.

"You tell Mr. X," she said, cutting every word as sharp as a freshly opened razor blade, "that Miss Rogers will not be there."

Soon Mr. X himself called. Now had he been slightly more persuasive, and somewhat less bellicose, he might have undone the handwork of his lesser official. As it was, he turned away from his telephone, about two minutes after his first hello, a very red-faced, frustrated man.

Ginger did not attend the broadcast. Consequently, when the picture was shown in Hollywood, Ginger's name was reduced in all advertising until it could hardly be found without the aid of a microscope. Although she was actually one of the stars, the names of everybody in the cast were listed over Ginger Rogers!

But did Ginger have the last laugh? The first few days, the theatre did an ob-

noxious business. Forced to do something to offset a bad week in Los Angeles, the company executives hastily restored Miss Rogers' name to feature position. Promptly, business boomed!

Like the red-heads who have preceded her, Ginger is hot stuff at theatre box-offices. Of course, she is comparatively a screen new-comer, with only two seasons of experience behind her. Despite her newness, hundreds of theatre men who attended a recent convention in Hollywood pronounced her one of the year's foremost money-makers. She has been elected "favorite screen actress" in half a hundred



Fashion note! Jean Harlow favors white silk shirts with her initials monogrammed on the pocket, as you can see for yourself in the picture above.

school and college contests throughout the country. Yale recently named her over Greta Garbo and Katharine Hepburn!

On recent successive weeks, a San Francisco theatre booked two pictures produced by Radio. The first was "Stingaree," and in order to put this production over in a big way, thus to encourage widespread publicity and interest, studio executives sent a dozen actors and actresses to San Francisco to make personal appearances.

The following week, the same theatre exhibited "Finishing School," which is as far from being one of the season's best pictures as Iceland is from being a pleasant winter resort. The smart theatre manager flashed Ginger Rogers' name on the marquee, used her name in big letters in all advertising and came within a few dollars of equalling the box-office record established the previous week, when the dozen stars had made appearances.

"Biggest new name in pictures today," this theatre man told a studio executive. The official must have believed the theatre man, because within three weeks after all this happened, Miss Rogers had been signed to a long term contract by Radio.

Despite her fieryness, Ginger is one of the most lovable girls in Hollywood. She

is what is commonly called a "good fellow." Her sudden success has affected her no more than another egg increases the ego of fowldom's champion egg-layer.

Despite her business acumen, Ginger (her friends often call her "Gee"), is amazingly like a small girl. She is excessively fond of sports and games. She and Lew Ayres play tennis almost daily when they are not working. They play in the skimpiest uniforms—Lew in shorts; Ginger in bathing suits, or else shorts and athletic shirts. She plays tennis better than the average man. She played her first game only a few months ago, but today there are not half a dozen screen stars who can beat her.

At ping pong, she has no peer among the actresses. She can run faster, jump higher, and ride a horse better than any other girl athlete on the screen. Of course these are not particularly boastful statements intended to make Ginger look like another Babe Didrikson, because as a matter of fact, there are few real athletes among the screen stars. Most of the actors and actresses are too busy being important, or looking beautiful, to bother with such strenuous things as playing tennis, or flying kites over mountain sides, or playing cop-and-robber with a gang of fun-loving men and boys.

"The most important thing I've learned is getting the most out of life," Ginger told me during one of her rare serious moments. "Why do things you don't want to do? Of course, I don't mean that I never inconvenience myself to oblige other people. But as long as I am the only one affected by my actions, I intend to do just as I darned please."

Of course, the one great question mark that hovers around Ginger punctuates the query: Will Ginger marry Lew Ayres?

She doesn't know. He doesn't know. Right at present they are too good friends to think of marriage. They play together at tennis. They ride together. They shoot at targets, with rifles and pistols, far up in the Hollywood hills where Lew's house anchors to a mountain-side, like a lonely castle overlooking its grounds. They are the best of friends. Maybe they're in love, too. As yet, nothing has happened to make them understand that they are in love. They talk about marriage, but when they talk about it, they really get further from marriage.

Some day, something may happen to awaken love—the love that is now secondary to their friendship. What that something is to be, who can foretell? Or maybe that very spirit of independence that has proved a stumbling block to so many high handed motion picture executives will receive a jolt. Such a jolt, for example, as might occur if Lew Ayres, in a fit of temperament, should say, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last woman on earth."

If Lew ever makes such a rash statement, I wager he'll be Ginger's husband before he realizes how it happened.

I hope Ginger's spirit is never tamed. In Hollywood, among a horde of spineless men and women (not all, but a great part), it is exhilarating to know that at least one is not a slave to Mammon.

I hope that Miss Rogers, like Clara Bow before her, keeps fighting. Through peace and trouble, Clara kept her chin aloft and Clara found happiness. Clara is dwelling in happiness today. That usually befalls people who uphold their self-esteem. I am reasonably sure it will happen to Ginger Rogers.

game. Are you a shower addict who regrets now and then that bath salts and gay fragrant crystals don't go with showers? Cheer up! Here is a trick worth two of that. Take your shower, then dash Ybry's Eau de Cologne on you as you step out. No perfumed bath was ever nicer. And if a really cold shower brings up the goose-flesh, take a tepid one, followed with Eau de Cologne, and you will have all the fun of a cold shower with none of the shock. Eau de Cologne closes your pores, tones up your skin, gives you that same peppy feeling which comes from a cold shower. And it's a lot pleasanter.

The container (illustrated here) is a perfect copy of an antique French bottle. Even the delicate amber of the glass has been successfully imitated. A precious thing to have on your dressing-table!

Bing Crosby's New Co-Star

Continued from page 17

you want me to do in this shot?' You never have that with Miriam."

And then I could understand the whole thing—why actors don't go into ecstasies at the thought of working with her. Picture-making is a business. When Miriam has these conferences with herself before she goes into a scene, it's for the purpose of developing her part—building her performance up to top-notch. Naturally, she's not giving herself any the worst of it and actors not so quick witted are pretty sure to come out at the short end of the horn. Well, I can't say I blame her.

In a casual conversation with Miriam you get nothing of all this. When she enters a room her charm strikes you like something tangible. You don't exactly get the impression of helpless femininity—her intelligence is equally apparent and precludes any possibility of that—but you do have the feeling that here is a girl you'd like to date. That she's a darn sight shrewder than you—or any other man—is something that never occurs to you.

"I loved doing that picture," she cried enthusiastically. "I don't know why I should have, though," she added. "I was ribbed more unmercifully on that set than I have ever been in my life. Bing, Eddie Nugent and Warren Hymer used to kid me to death. When I returned to work after I'd broken those two little bones in my foot, they used to look at me, shake their heads and say, 'Hoppy, you're limping on the wrong foot. You'll give yourself away.' But I loved it!"

"Elliott told me," I put in, "how you probably give more thought to every scene before you go into it than any actress he's ever worked with. Bing gives no thought to it. He stresses the fact that he knows nothing about acting—that, as he puts it, he just dropped off a load of pumpkins. Wasn't it disconcerting, after you'd thought everything out technically, to work opposite someone who didn't understand the fine points you were trying to make? I'd imagine it would be like playing poker and making a swell bluff—scaring everybody out of the pot and then having some dub who had no business in it in the first place, call you because he didn't understand the game."

"No," said Miriam. "There are two ways of doing a scene: intuitively or technically. Either or both can be right. Bing is just a natural—an intuitive actor. I liked working with him more than almost anyone I've ever worked with. If I had

WINNIE'S WORRY

—by Gil



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No more blind dates

for me!



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a scene where I was supposed to be talking to him, he'd listen—and the audience will be able to tell that what I say is registering with him. Many actors who are camera-wise would either be looking over my head or else be gazing fondly in the direction of the camera.

"You know," she went on, "I wasn't supposed to come back to Hollywood until September. I had two more pictures to do on my contract. When this part came along I thought, 'Well, it's a good part. If I don't go back until September my contract won't end until November or December. The fall season in New York will be ruined for me. If I go back now and do this picture, it'll be a good film. I can do the other one right away, too, and I'll be free by August. *Free!*'" she exulted.

"Say," I interjected, "that's another thing I wanted to ask you about. You're supposed to be the pampered darling of the screen—the best stories, best directors, best casts, best everything—and yet, apparently, you prefer the stage. How come?"

"I don't prefer the stage," she cried. "It's just—just different, that's all. I prefer New York to live in because I like to feel I'm in the midst of things—feel I'm where things are happening. I love to bump into friends and possibly have one of them say, 'Have you heard Lotte Lehmann sing *Isolde*? She's simply *divine*' and be able to say—as really happened—'Oh, yes, I heard her last Thursday and she fainted at the end of the first act.'"

"And I love walking along, say 57th Street, and glancing up to find there's an exhibition of Matisse's work and think, 'Oh, I must drop in here.' And all that sort of thing. I suppose there is culture of a sort out here but it can only be dug up at very great effort. The distances are so tremendous. The things you care about seeing or hearing or doing are strung out all the way from Santa Barbara to Pasadena. Even if a concert or an art exhibit is no further away than Los Angeles, *that's* a good hour's drive each way.

"In New York most of the activity is centered between 30th Street and the 70's. If I'd never come out here I suppose I'd have gone on rushing hectically from this to that and from that to the other thing. Out here, when you're not working, there's nothing to do but relax."

"But do you?" I asked. "I've always understood your nervous energy keeps you skipping all over the place."

"No!" she answered promptly. "People who say that don't know me. I swim or lie for hours in the sun—when there is any," she added glancing out the window at the "unusual weather." It was raining—in June!

"I think," she went on, "after you've once become used to this place, you almost *have* to come back here for a while every year to recuperate from New York and avoid a nervous breakdown. Would you like a highball?" she asked suddenly, "or would you rather have tea? I'm going to have tea."

"Tea for two," I murmured weakly. While she was gone I glanced around the room. A long, low divan, deep easy chairs, a beamed ceiling. At the far end of the room a patch-stone recess in which was an enormous fireplace with a heavy beam over it for a mantel. Old pewter plates and pitchers rested on it.

"I love this room," I vouchsafed when she returned.

Miriam glanced carelessly about. "It is nice, isn't it? Lubitsch copied it in the new home he's building. It's a reproduction of the living-room in an old Mexican farm-house."

My roving eyes took in the books on the table, the other homely little touches. "Is it your house?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Just rented. You see, I've just bought a house in New York. I don't think you can have homes in two places—unless you're fabulously wealthy—which I'm not. You want your books all together and all your other things. If you split them up you don't get any real pleasure from either place."

"Ah!" I cried triumphantly, "if you don't prefer the stage why did you buy a home in New York when pictures are made on the coast?"

"I explained," she said patiently, "that I prefer *living* in New York. I want to live there when I grow old and it's where I want to die."

"That's a cheerful thought to be carrying around," I laughed. "What period are you furnishing it in?"

Out here in Hollywood, if your home isn't furnished in some particular period—well, you just don't belong.

"No period," she replied promptly. "I *loathe* these places where they take you through and proudly say, 'There isn't a single piece that isn't in the period' and 'This is my French room' and 'This is my Georgian room,' etc. I have a few good pieces—our family silver, a couple of nice oil paintings of my grandparents, and things like that. For the rest, I want to furnish it gradually—just picking up odd pieces at galleries, auctions, sales and wherever I happen to find something I like.

"There is a man named Hans Brinton in Westchester, just outside Philadelphia, who knows more about antiques than anyone I've ever met. Hergesheimer got all his material for 'Java Head' from him. I want to go down and consult him."

"Brinton!" I exclaimed. "He and his wife are great friends of my mother's. She's often visited there."

So we chatted a while of the Brintons and then Miriam returned to the subject of pictures. "I don't intend giving up my picture work entirely. My contract, as I told you, will be up in August. I don't want to sign another one. Paramount is all right but I just don't want to *'belong.'* Mr. Cohn of Columbia wanted me for two Capra pictures—'It Happened One Night' and 'Twentieth Century'—both of them hits. Paramount wouldn't lend me. So now Mr. Cohn and I have made an agreement that I'm to do a picture with Capra in 1935.

"It will be ideal to spend the summers out here making pictures and the fall and winter in New York. I'll be free! I can go to England or China or Afghanistan if I feel like it. I may *not* go—but knowing that I *can* go if I want to will be—well, great!

"If a suitable play turns up I'll love doing it, but nowadays you're lucky if you get a run of from two to six months. The rest of the time I'll be able to do whatever I want."

We were interrupted by the entrance of Michael, Miriam's two and a half year old adopted son. "C'acker!" demanded Mike.

Miriam gave him a piece of oatmeal cake some friends had sent her from Scotland. Mike promptly dropped it on the floor. "Oh, darling," she laughed, "look what you've done. Well, eat it anyhow. It won't hurt you. A little dirt will probably do you good."

The phone rang. Drat telephones! When Miriam returned she faced me regretfully—or did she? "I'm sorry, but it was the studio. I've got to go over there for a retake. I'm afraid I haven't given you very much. I'll tell you," she exclaimed as a bright thought struck her, "you just write a story about me!"

And so I have. But no story could ever do justice to the girl who strikes terror into the hearts of directors and actors before they meet her and whose charm makes slaves of them afterwards.

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